

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1835.

THE CASTLE DE WARRENNE.

A ROMANCE.

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their honest birth, or passage obscure;
Nor Grenadier hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Past!"

SLOWLY and heavily the bell of the great clock in the tower tolled out three: the gloomy night was gradually dispersing, while a faint yellow, tinging the eastern hemisphere, slowly indicated the approach of day.—Matilda started from her couch yet wet with tears, and which had that night afforded her but broken and imperfect slumbers. Fearing that she had extended the appointed time, she hastily arrayed herself in her simple habit, and, bending humbly over the bed of the yet sleeping Raymond, uttered inaudible kisses on his dishevelled head.

"Sweet babe!" cried she in an agony of tears: "perhaps for the last time view thy lovely countenance!—no longer shall I receive pleasure from innocent endearments! Oh! why does virtue demand this painful sacrifice!—My dear lady, too—all—lost!"

Again she pressed her lips to those of the child, who opened his eyes, and, fixing them on Matilda, smiled sweetly. The smile undid all her resolution; and, seating herself by his side, she soothed him with her accustomed tenderness, heedless of the passing time. The clock again reminded her of her tardiness, and with reluctance she replaced the child; and, casting a fearful look round her little apartment, departed.

With trembling steps and perturbed heart she descended the great stair case. All was yet profoundly still. At the appointed spot she met Jacques, who waited faithful to the trust reposed in him to open the gate for her.

"Alack! Matilda," said he, brushing away an involuntary tear with the sleeve of his coat, "are you, then, determined to quit us? Sure Matilda will be the day to us poor servants! Don't you remember the many merry dances we have had in this hall, and how jealous Claude and Felix used to be, when you gave me your hand in preference?"

"Yes!" said Matilda, raising her eyes to heaven in fervor, "think not I shall ever forget the many happy days I have passed under the roof. But do not, my best friend, endeavor to alter, by your lamentation, a determination you so well know the necessity of."

"But, surely, Matilda," said Jacques, "you will not now be so coy as to deny me a parting salute!"

Matilda smiled through her undried tears, and giving him her hand, said—

"Receive my thanks for your kind services. Day now breaks on apace: I must bid you adieu. I well know that it is needless for me to bid you remember Matilda."

Jacques took a purse from his pocket, and, pressing it into her hand, said—

"Accept this, my dear girl: when the cents are expended, the purse will remain as a small token of remembrance."

She assured him that the liberality of her Lady had rendered his gift unnecessary; but, rather than hurt his generous spirit, she accepted it. He then softly, though unwillingly, opened the door, and, again bidding her tender adieu, closed it after her.

She tripped nimbly across the lawn, but her heart did not keep pace with the swiftness of her feet. When she had travelled about three quarters of a mile, tired and breathless, she threw herself upon the grass, and with tearful eyes contemplated the distant battlements of Warrenne Castle.

Matilda, at this period, had just completed her fourteenth year. Her figure was elegantly formed, and though it had not yet attained its perfect stature, was nevertheless far from contemptible. Her complexion, exquisitely fair, was favorably contrasted with a profusion of chestnut colored hair, which fell in careless ringlets over her forehead and bosom. Her eyes were bright and piercing, and the contraction of the eyes at the temples gave an expression of archness highly fascinating. Her dress consisted of a gray camel jacket and petticoat, neatly bound with black ribbon, which served to exhibit to advantage her fine shape. A net fillet confined the superfluous hair, over which was tied a little black chip hat; and a pair of blue silk mittens completed her dress, at once simple and becoming.

Such was the person of our little heroine, as she satunk fatigued and exhausted upon the turf. Her little bundle, containing her change of linen, she disengaged from her arm, and for a few moments freely indulged in an extravagance of grief: then, more composed and refreshed, she rose, and pursued her solitary journey.

The parents of Matilda were poor industrious peasants in the province of Chantilly, whose only pleasurable relaxation from labor was in the infantile sports of their darling girl. As her personal attractions daily increased, her mind proportionably expanded; and her eagerness for instruction far exceeded their means of gratification. One accomplishment it was in their power to afford her, Matilda had a sweetly plaintive voice, and warbled the little rustic airs with peculiar grace. The savings of a twelve-months economy were expended in the purchase of a lute, on which a neighboring cottager instructed her to play, and in a short time perceived that his pretty pupil made such rapid progress in the wonder-working science, as to attract the notice of every passing traveller. One evening, when her allotted household task was finished, she usually seated herself upon the mossy bench at the door of their hut, and played madrigals for the amusement of her young village companions, who thronged delighting round her.

On one of these occasions, the cheerful party were dispersed by the approach of a carriage, containing a lady and gentleman. Matilda, abashed, put up her lace, and was returning into the cottage; when the lady, perceiving, and struck with her appearance, beckoned her to them. Trembling, with modest timidity, Matilda approached, and, curtsying respectfully, requested to know if she should procure them any refreshment.

The lady regarded her attentively, and demanded her name, with several other questions, which she answered with embarrassment. Pleased with her manner, the strangers alighted; and, after taking some fruit and milk, made her an offer to accompany them back in their carriage, to visit the Castle.

Flattered with the prospect of such a distinguishing honor, it was accepted by the humble family with a profusion of thanks; and Matilda, delighted with the grandeur of her new company, gladly repaired with them to Warrenne Castle. Lady De Warrenne, charmed with the person and behavior of her lovely guest, felt unwilling to relinquish her, and with some little difficulty prevailed upon the simple cottagers to permit her attendance upon little Raymond.

Sir Arthur De Warrenne had been a firm adherent to the cause of his Sovereign, John. Some domestic concerns had obliged him to desert his paternal estate in Ireland, and fix his residence in France. His unshaken fidelity to his monarch, though exerted in a bad cause, could not but reflect honor on his character, as firm allegiance should ever distinguish a courtier. He possessed generosity and valor, but at the same time he gave way to an impetuosity of temper which rendered him unfit to bear disappointment or contradiction: pride, avarice, and ambition, were his predominant passions.

Early in life he received the hand of an amiable and accomplished woman; but as no children were likely to crown his wishes not even the amiable disposition of his wife could prevent him from treating her with the grossest disrespect; and his temper, always irritable, received additional mortification from this grievous disappointment.

Indulging his spleen one day in a solitary ramble, he perceived at the foot of a tree a large parcel; stooping to take a nearer view, his surprise was extreme to observe it agitated with a gentle motion; and, raising it with his hand, found it to contain an infant boy wrapped in costly cloaths. Upon unfolding the cloth with which it was enveloped, he found it to contain a necklace and cross of diamonds, of considerable value; with a note, which he instantly opened, in which were these words:—

"Should providence direct any one hither ere this unfortunate babe has breathed its last, let pity plead in their breast for the innocent victim of pride and tyranny!—one born of noble blood, though driven by persecution to this fate. A time may come when its wretched parents shall dare to claim their Raymond.—Till then, oh! stranger, be thou his protector! Heaven will be thy reward."

Sir Arthur mused some time upon the strangeness of the event. His humanity, actuated also by some secret motives, inspired him with a resolution highly favorable to the abandoned infant. Despairing of having a natural heir to his ample possession, he determined to adopt Raymond for his son. Filled with this intention, as resolute as sudden, he carried the child home, and presented it to his lady, relating the adventure, and insisting upon her receiving it as her own.

Ever accustomed to implicit obedience, Lady De Warrenne gave an immediate consent, notwithstanding her own misfortune more powerfully alerted her; at the idea of fostering in her bosom a child of unknown origin. The innocent and engaging looks of the infant soon reconciled her to the necessity, and in a short time her affection for it was little short of what it would have been, had it in reality possessed a natural claim to her love.

(To be Continued.)

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THE WORD N O.

THERE are few words in the English language more important than the word *no*: And, though it is very short, it is to many, very hard to learn. Many a man, and woman too, have been undone because they knew not how to say *no*.

Charles Easy, a milky, good-natured young fellow, was left with a handsome patrimony, with which he went into trade. Charles had a crowd of customers, for every body loved him; but unluckily, his customers had forgotten to bring their money along with them—They all, however, promised payment—some in ninety days, some in sixty, and some in thirty, and some next morning—Charles doubted and hesitated, but not knowing how to say *no*, he credited them all. Thus his goods were scattered over the country; and while he obtained one half of his debts, at mere expense and trouble to his profits upon the whole of them were worth, he lost the other half. In the midst of these embarrassments, a worthless fellow, in whose company Charles had once drank a bottle of wine, had the assurance, on the strength of this acquaintance, to ask him to be bail for him in a large sum. Charles started at this request, and the word *no* was seemingly bolting out; but it stuck in his throat; he yielded, and was undone.

Tommy Smoothly was social, polite and engaging; his fault did not spring from a perverse heart, but from his obsequiousness. Tommy loved neither the bottle nor cards; he hated night-watches, which gave him the head-ache all the next day—; but yet he gambled drunk freely and kept late hours, because his companions importuned him, and he knew not how to say *no*. At length a set of sharpers perceived Tommy's weak side, and marked him for their prey. They enticed him to deep play, fixed their fangs upon him, and never left him until they had robbed him of his last shilling. Alas! poor Tommy what a fine man he might have been, if he had only learned how to say *no*!

But ah, the lovely Belinda! what pencil can paint her former gaiety; or her present despair? Fair as the lily, sweet as the rose-bud when it received the morning dew; she was the solace and comfort of her parents, until a seducer, with the graceful exterior of a Lovelace, and with the heart of a fiend, destroyed her virtue and her peace. Belinda, hapless girl still the roses would have blown on thy cheek; still would joy have beamed in thy countenance if thou hadst learned to say *no*.

Let youth learn the proper use of this important monosyllable. If advised and persuaded plainly against your interest, say *no*. If tempted to bring a blot upon your character, or a stain upon your conscience say with energy and emphasis, *no, no, no*, but to the prayer of want, and to the call of real honor and virtue, never say *no*.

SCRAP.—Fortune is ever deemed blind by none on whom she bestows no favors.

IRISH NARRATIVE OF A STREET ROBBERY.

BERY.

FROM NATURE.

*HONEY, lend us cars, and a tale I'll recite,
About comical matters that happen'd last night.*

Just at two in the noon a friend had well met me,
No keeping my legs, faith, as well as they'd let me,
Safe and sound to St. Gile's my curate I brought,
And was nigh to bed as a sober man ought;
When all of a sudden faith just like a stitch,
From the gutter or cellar I can't well say which,
A grim looking Thief, about six feet or more,
Grip'd my throat in his fist till the joke made me roar.

"Ah! then, gay tender lad, (says I) what do you mean,
If you chock me, who knows but I'll die of the pain."

Oh, honey, says he, let us do the thing quiet,
It's your money I want and no doer breed a riot,
But keep the King's Peace, and surrender your cash
Or cock inch of your hide I'll contrive for to thrash.
So seeing how things went in this cell how,
And fearing hard blows would come down in a show,

So says I to myself I don't like to be bang'd,
So I'll presently threaten this thief with being bang'd.

For may be he's simple, and don't know the law,
And by way of reward I'll escape from his clasp.
So says I, "honest man, you're a robber I guess,
And your neck will be stretch'd faith, you can't expect less."

For the watch, and the justice, the jury and judge,
Sheriff, hangman, and surgeon all bear you a grudge
And so my heart's darling, don't hazard their necks,
But if you must steal honey pray steal yourself off."

Now who would suppose that for counsel so sent,
That this thief wheel'd my body, my sides, and my pent?

By my soul but he did, 'till he'n grievously hurt,
I beg'd leave to tumble quite clean in the dirt,
Where taking advantage of this my hard cast,
My throat he squeezed, until pale in the face,
I found my breath wasted, my strength quite decay'd,
And no man or mortal to come to my aid;
I resolv'd then to yield—so I loos'd my fist,
And for mercy I roar'd, till I made him resist.

"Oh! says I, you curst thief, since the truth I must own,
Here take all I have—for in truth I have none."

STANZAS.

(From the Portuguese of Camoens.)

I saw the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumbered woes:
And he was poor—without a friend—
Press'd by a thousand foes.

I saw the Passion's pious slave
In gallant trim and gay;
His course was Pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer's day.

And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And join'd her giddy train:
But found her soon the nurse of care,
And punishment and pain.

There surely is some guiding Power,
Which rightly suffers wrong;
Gives vice to bloom its little hour,
But virtue late and long.

THE CAT-O-MOUNT.

That ferocious and dangerous animal, commonly denominated the *cat-o-mountain*, is now to exist in an extensive wood in the town of Boxford. The inhabitants of that town have frequently in the late season, lost their sheep, without being able to account for it; and several persons had reported that they had seen in the woods some animal of an uncommon and terrifying appearance, but without exciting much attention. Some time last month however a young man having occasion to go through some parts of the woods, he took with him his gun, merely charged for a squirrel at a little distance, began to bark; but as the young man was going to the place to shoot him, he perceived a large, long bodied, fierce looking animal, apparently of the cat kind, making towards him. He turned and ran, and winged with terror, jumping upon the trunk of a fallen tree, which lay in a slanting position lodged upon another, and which he could scarcely have ascended in any other circumstance. He had not so much as fifteen feet from the ground, when, closing his eyes down, he beheld his enemy just on the point of making a leap at him, which caused him immediately to jump to the ground, so that each gained the other's place at the same time; the young man then suddenly presented his gun at the face of the creature, and fired his small charge. But could not determine whether it injured him; but he immediately sprang from the tree again, seized upon the gun, and with his enormous claws, scratched and tore the stalk.

It was fortunate for the young man, that he took the gun for the object of his vengeance, it undoubtedly saved his life; he wrested it from him, turned and ran, and the creature, whose one bound might have fastened his claws into his prey, did not pursue him: this is attributed to his missing him at his starting, which is said to have the effect in some measure to discourage and discourage them. The inhabitants intended to scour the woods, and destroy the creature, whenever there should be a sign to enable them to track their footsteps.

Since preparing the above, we understand there have been two killed near Andover.

INDUSTRY AND DILIGENCE.

A gentleman in the county of Surrey, who was possessed in an estate in land of about two hundred pounds per annum, kept the whole a good while in his own hands; but finding, notwithstanding all his care and industry, that he did not run behind hand, and at length was under the necessity of selling half his estate to pay his debts he did so; and let the rest to a farmer by lease for twenty-one years, at an annual rent, which his tenant thriving upon, and coming before the expiration of the lease, to pay his rent, he said his landlord, "If he would sell the land he wanted of him?" "Why," said he, "wouldst thou buy it?" "Yes," says the farmer, "if thou art willing to part with it." "That is very strange," said the landlord. "Prattle tell me how this should come to pass, that I could not live upon twice so much, being my own, and you upon half of it, are able to less than twenty years, to buy it?" "O Sir," said the farmer, "a few words made the difference." When any thing wanted to be done, you said, "Go; and do it, and lay in bed or take your pleasure the while." But I always said, "Come let us go and do it, and both assisted and saw my business done myself."

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A LOVE SONG.

ADAPTED TO MODERN TIMES.

But not to see the charms that grace
The faint form, or fairest face;
Shape, bloom and features I despise;
Health, wealth is being to the wise.

Come, then, O come, and with thee bring
The thousand joys from wealth that spring;
I'll bring the deeds of thine estate,
Thy goblets, mortgages and plate.

Still keep unseen those unseen locks,
And yield the treasure in the stocks;
O hide that soft, that creamy breast,
And gaze, instead, thy iron chest.

Thy dollars shame the blushing rose
Which in those cheeks unadorned blows;
Too sweet for me that ruby lip;
Give me thy bank-stock, bonds and scrip.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 5, 1835.

Thirty-three Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 23rd ult.

The patrons of the Weekly Museum are this day, presented with the first number of the 11th volume. A sense of gratitude prompts us, on this occasion, to offer our sincere thanks for the great length of time it has been so liberally encouraged and supported. Nothing but the honest zeal and persevering industry of its original editor could have merited so long a continuance of public favor. The manner in which the Museum has heretofore been conducted, having afforded such general satisfaction, we shall, in no way, deviate therefrom. The votaries of the Muse are solicited to aid our undertaking.

* Those of our subscribers who are in arrears for one year, &c. will confer a particular favor by sending the amount of their respective accounts to the Printing-office.

Two lighters came up on Thursday evening with some crates and the guns of the British ship *Bethers*, ashore at Squam Beach. At the time of leaving her, she was in twelve feet water; and it is expected she will be got off, after her cargo of coal is taken out.

Another attempt was made on Wednesday evening to set fire to the house No. 95 Pearl Street. A large firebrand was discovered on Thursday morning in a corner on the lower floor, which had made considerable progress.

Despatches from Consuls O'Brien and Gavino, &c. and were received at Washington on Sunday, and communicated to congress on the day following. They state, commodore Preble attacked another but an unsuccessful bombardment of Tripoli early in September, in which many Americans were killed and a great number wounded. The enemy also suffered severely. An American fire ship blew up in the midst of the action, and every person on board perished. Among them on board was a son of General Washington, member of Congress. Commodore Boren, with his squadron arrived shortly after the action.

UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENTS.

One day in last week, the house of the Widow Ross, of Acworth, caught fire, and was consumed, with all its contents. What adds to the distress was the melancholy circumstance of her daughter, aged fifteen years, being burnt to death. It was occasioned by the catching of a quantity of flax, brought into the house for the purpose of drying.

As Lieut. Abijah Keith, of Barre, Vermont, was sliding from a haymow, the handle of a pitchfork, which happened to be near the same place, entered the natural passage of his body, and penetrated such a distance as to hold him fast suspended from the floor, and lying against the side of the haymow, until by a sudden spring he brought himself to the floor. By repeated exertions, he drew out the fork, and was just able to walk into the house. It is supposed his bowels were injured, which occasioned his death in about 56 hours.

During the late dreadful fire at St. Thomas, but few lives were lost. A Mr. Collins, of immense property, distracted by his loss, threw himself into the flames and perished: a faithful and affectionate servant immediately followed the dreadful example of his master.

On Thursday evening last week, Mr. John I. Roosa, of Marletown, his daughter, and another young woman, were fording the Marletown creek, and on approaching the west shore, the box of the sleigh gave way, which precipitated them into the water, when Mr. Roosa's daughter was unfortunately drowned.

WARTLING, September 6th.

A few days since the following melancholy circumstance occurred. The daughter of Mr. Jones, of Wartling, near Beltham, and three young women, her sisters, sat up in her chamber to administer every assistance in their power to an invalid. In the middle of the night, however, they all fell asleep, when the clothes of one of them caught fire from the candle, and she was in consequence so terribly burnt that no hopes were entertained of her recovery. The other sisters were also so much burnt, in attempting to extinguish the flames in which their companion was enveloped, that her life is thought to be in great danger.

ANECDOTE.

Two Irishmen agreed to wrestle. It seems by the sequel, that one of them expected to proceed Irish fashion, viz. with one hand at the shoulder and the other at the waistband. But when they were about to take hold, the other paddy clenched his antagonist, close hug, and down with him. He that was flung got up, affronted, and says, "Why did you not proceed according to rule?" "Rule!" my dear honey (replied the other) what signifies going that round about way to work, when I can throw you fast enough without?"

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip, TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 3, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Let meekness be thy action grace,
Nor ever think your husband wrong;
Good-humour beautify your face,
And fond affection guide your tongue.

Such are the duties of a wife,
And such are ever sure to charm;
By these you'll pass a blissful life,
Nor can the break of blunder harm.

MARRIED.

Last evening, by the Rev. Bishop Moore. Mr. Lewis Jones, junr. to Miss Eliza Ramage, both of this city.

A few days since, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. William Keyser, to Miss Hannah Forrester, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Beach, Mr. Ebenezer Beebe, Merchant, to Miss Catharine F. Knox, daughter of Mr. George Knox, of this City.

At Philadelphia, the 27th ult. by the Rev. Jonathan Wells, Mr. Henry Cooper, Printer, to Miss Mary Browne, both of that city.

On the 24 of Oct. at Straithaird-House, Isle of Skie, (Scotland) Mr. John M. Allister, merchant, Greenock, (late of New-York) to Miss Flora M. Allister, youngest daughter of Alexander M. Allister, Esq. of Straithaird.

MORTALITY.

Ah! what avails it now that Fortune smit'd—
That friends careen'd, and relatives ador'd?
They could not shield thee from invidious Death;
Nor skill nor tenderness could health afford.

DIED.

On Sunday last, at his seat in Fishkill, after a short but severe illness, WILLIAM B. VERPLANK, Esq. aged 34 years.

At Utica, Oneida county, on the 7th December last, MORRIS GRAHAM, late a colonel in the revolutionary army.

The subscriber in consequence of the late fire has opened his Sail Loft No. 195 Front-street.

Dec. 22,

C. WHITE.

TICKETS,

IN THE SIXTH CLASS OF THE SOUTH MADLEY CANAL LOTTERY EXAMINED HERE.

Books and Stationary

Of every description.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.
Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

FILES OF THE WEEKLY-MUSEUM,

neatly bound:—For sale at this office.

also, a large assortment of

BLANKS and BLANK BOOKS.

COURT OF APOLLO.

SONG.

COME tell me where the maid is found
Whose heart can love, without deceit,
And I will range the world around
To sigh our moment at her feet?

Oh! tell me, where's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh,
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam,
To catch one sparkle from her eye?

And if her cheeks be rosy bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
'Till my heart leave me through my eyes.

Show me on earth a thing as rare,
I'll own all miracles are true;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh! 'tis the utmost Heaven can do.

ANECDOTE OF A PAGAN PHILOSOPHER.

A PAGAN Philosopher made the following reflection when he saw a girl cry, as if she had been torturing on the rack, over a broken pitcher, and a woman, with her hair loose, her hands uplifted to Heaven, her eyes swollen with crying, and her discourse nothing but horror and despair, for the loss of a little infant: "Well, after all these christiania talk of Heaven, and their hopes of eternal life, 'tis certain there can be no philosophy in their religion, or else they are very ignorant of it. They must be very silly people that have not taught their children to know that pitchers will break: and their women that little children will die."

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the suit committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instill in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an Evening School on the first evening of October next, and is conscious of having respectively discharged his duty to those committed to his care in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, civility, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

W. B. The subscriber writes Bonds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c, on the most reasonable terms. No. 17 Bunker-Street.

W. D. LEZELL.

Alexander Leisner, Hair Dresser from Paris, has the honor to acquaint the Ladies of this city that he desires hair in the most style. He makes Curves, Polishes of all sorts, and is well known for Cutting the Hair in a Tasse and a la Greque. His residence is at No 74, Barclay St, second door from the corner of Greenwich St. N. B. He will wait on Ladies at their houses.

890 3t.

WANTED.

FOUR Apprentices to the manufactory business at 67 Stone-street, Enquire up stairs. 3t. 33t

MORALIST.

To err sometimes, is nature; to rectify error is always glory," said the illustrious Washington, as he extended his hand to a man whom he had offended, and acknowledged he had been in the wrong.—Did we all feel the truth of this sentiment, and see the nobleness of such conduct, how much disputing, contention, and wrangling might be avoided—how much our happiness might be increased. But instead of confessing and retracting our faults, as did the magnanimous Washington, how many of us, after we have discovered our errors; still cherish them, and roll them as sweet morsels under our tongues! our pride resists the idea of acknowledging that we have been deceived or duped, and we had rather persist forever in the wrong than confess we have ever been in it.

Such obstinacy is however, in the highest degree censurable. We are liable to be led astray by the errors of our own imagination.

LIQUID BLACKING

TICE's improved shining liquid blacking for boots and shoes and all leathers that requires to be kept black, is universally allowed the best ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it soft, smooth and beautiful to the last, and never fails. Black moroccoes that has lost its luster is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail, and for exportation, by J. Tice, at his perfumery store, No. 126 William-street, and G. Camp No. 123 Pearl-Street, where all orders will be thankfully received, and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be signed J. TICE, in writing, without which they are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of Perfumery of the first quality. Dec. 17-

MR. TURNER.

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dry-Street, to No. 15 PARK, near the Theatre. Where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He has ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature. And to save appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the face, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most rapid TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has fully proved itself, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention is exerted in restoring CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, attended with infinite ease and safety.

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